

GC

Kama Sensations



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LIFE

“You've graduated to unhooking bras with one hand, but you still haven't figured out how to make sure she'll come back for more.”

MOOD DISORDERS

“Don't start turning on the music and lighting the candles—that's just corny. Let it be spur-of-the-moment. If the lights are on, leave 'em on; if they're off, leave 'em off. If it's your girlfriend, then you can dim the lights—unless it's a ‘let's fuck right here in the kitchen’ kind of thing.”

SOCKS OFF, ROCKS OFF

“I would never fuck a guy who had his socks on—even if it was a boyfriend.

I'd be like, ‘Take the socks off or don't get laid!’ You're completely naked; why are you wearing socks? Who cares if your feet are ugly? Just be comfortable in your own skin and take them off. Trust me, no girl is looking at your feet—unless you're wearing socks.”

DON'T BRAND HER

“It's not cool to leave marks on a girl, because it makes her look like trailer trash. I don't want to wake up the next morning and have a hickey. We're adults; this isn't high school. If you have scratches on your back and it just kind a, like, happened, you can

put a shirt on. But leaving a mark where people can see is just trashy.”

TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE

“You better get your ass up and go to the bathroom and wrap that condom in a tissue and throw it in the trash. It would be a total deal breaker if a guy just threw it on the floor. I'd be like, ‘Nasty! How much come is on your floor?!’”

MORNING WOULD

“You can totally have sex in the morning if it's obvious you'd still like each other sober. If I'm not into a guy, I get up and pretend I am really busy so he'll go.”

SLEEP TALK

“As long as we're not, like, in the middle of a conversation, it's okay if you want to go to sleep right after sex. I'll probably fall asleep, too. But you better not fall asleep if we haven't already come to the agreement that you're staying over—‘cause then I would probably wake you up and say, ‘You gotta go.’”

**"IF I'M WITH A BOYFRIEND,
SPOONING IS GREAT. BUT IF
IT'S JUST SOME GUY I'M
FUCKING, DON'T TOUCH ME."**

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ASK & ANSWER

- *My girlfriend was using my computer the other day and saw in my browser history that I'd been checking out porn. She's not pissed, but she's a bit thrown that I was checking out other women. What should I do?*

Every stint of one-handed surfing should be followed immediately by a thorough computer cleanse. Your carelessness has now revealed the *real* reason you set up Wi-Fi in your bedroom. I feel for you. I've felt the sting of browser residue myself, and now my octogenarian grandmother knows about my latex fetish.

This mistake doesn't need to be your undoing. Reassure your girlfriend that you have a normal, healthy sexual curiosity. Try this syllogism: "Guys like variety. Porn has variety. Therefore, guys like porn." It's overly simplistic—and may not cover your ass if you Googled “trannies and double-headed dildos”—but she can't argue with logic, especially if you remind her that you *were looking for* variety, not seeking it.



Things could be worse, she could have caught you rubbing one out to *Star Trek – S & M* - themed fan fiction.

Try to turn your weaknesses into strengths: Make it clear how happy you are that she found the URLs, because you never want to hide anything from her. Say you were researching novel possibilities for your sex life. Then suggest integrating porn into your bedroom activities. Start with "Forum" letters and build up to the dominatrix flicks you have stashed in your closet, perv.

- *My new girlfriend recently left a toothbrush at my place. I'm happy in the relationship, but I'm not ready to take this step. How do I keep her from filling my medicine cabinet with her stuff without pissing her off?*

The toothbrush is a dental necessity that's loaded with symbolism. On one level, it's just a plastic stick with bristles. On another, your bathroom could soon be littered with loofahs, exotic exfoliants, and those fuzzy rabbit slippers sorority girls pad around in. Interpret her motives objectively and remember that not every girl who spends the night is angling to move in. Maybe your girl's just got a healthy fear of gingivitis. By the way, stud, when was the last time you flossed?

- *I'm tired of getting treated like shit at clubs. I'm always the last guy let in from the line and the last to get served. What's the trick to skipping the line and getting a little love from the bartenders without having to grease the wheels with a ridiculous tip?*

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Nightclubs are not democracies.

You wouldn't want to go to a joint that let in the schmo with a crooked Von Dutch cap and popped collar, would you? That said, lines for these places can be longer than the one you made your parents wait in at Space Mountain. One way you can avoid negotiating the velvet rope is by contacting a club's promoter with an RSVP a few days in advance and tell him you're researching clubs for your company's big anniversary throw down. Advise the promoter how providing drink tickets for you and your thirsty coworkers" will aid you in your research. Of course, if you do this, you can never go back to that club again.

If you're going to a trendy establishment, dress the part. Don't wear sneakers or a baseball cap. Establish a good rapport with the burly men who hold your fate in their hands greasing the bouncer helps, but your wallet will appreciate the less expensive charm offensive: Make eye contact, smile, and say. "Last weekend's party was so killer that my buddies and I just had to come back! Is Sara working again?"

If there's a guest list, eavesdrop on the well-connected pricks the bouncer lets in ahead of you. Find out whose name they dropped and use it at the door. And when all else fails, schmooze the hot women in line. If you can charm them into acting like you're all together, those ladies are your golden ticket. Ride'em. cowboy.—

- *One of my friends says it's so easy to get laid online that he's nicknamed the dating service he uses "LayDate."*

It hasn't worked for me, though—I keep hitting on the women who, as it turns out, are chasing after Mr. Right. How can I attract the girls who are just looking for Mr. One Night?—

Weed out those women pining for romance and you will find a digital rain forest full of chicks prowling for jungle love. In fact, most online daters get off on simply being wanted, and love the thrill of the hunt. They're like shoppers peering through virtual storefront windows and occasionally stopping for a quickie in the fitting room. They'll gladly try you on for size and then leave you on the hanger. Translation: At its root, online dating is a mere conduit for casual sex.

So work it like a used-car salesman with a lot full of lemons and a mortgage payment past due. Post the maximum number of pictures allowed (so it doesn't look like you're hiding anything), and make sure each one is great. Include a well-groomed formal-event shot, a casual pic, and a meticulously unstaged "this is me playing" image that will give you something to chat about—ice climb much? Be quirky, but don't say something like "I'm a former professional dart player with a one-eyed dog." Say you love to dance (read: you are good in bed), can cook a mean ahi tuna (read: you're sensitive), and are looking to meet new people (read: hunting for the poontang). And be playfully sexual in your description of the ideal date: "Dinner, drinks, and then... breakfast?" That'll weed out the husband hunters.

But beware the many pitfalls of the online world. She's probably 20 pounds doughier and three inches less leggy than she appears. You may be better off sticking to bars, offices, and drug-free school zones—the way nature intended.

- *My boss is a total dick and everyone at the office knows it. He dumps his work on me at 5 p.m. and says he needs it first thing in the morning. How can I push to switch groups or*

get promoted to another position without coming across like a whiny asshole who can't handle 'he pressure—

Openly requesting to switch groups will only make you look like an ungrateful weakling. So take a deep breath, count to ten, and repeat after me: "I... am... an... office... bitch."

Now, doesn't that feel better?

You've got a few options here. Option No. 1: Dust off that resume, create a more appropriate job- hunting e-mail account than CherryPoppinDaddy@ihotmail.com, and start whoring yourself like Diddy at a red-carpet event.

But if you're the type who's sitting on a trust fund and thinks gainful employment is for proletariat suckers, try option No. 2 the next time Lumbergh shits a project on you. Wait till he leaves for the night, then kindly place the assignment on his desk with a box of laxatives and a greeting card that sweetly reads, "I hope this helps you get it out of your system."

- */ cheated on my last girlfriend with my current one. Now she's worried I'm going*

to cheat on her, too, and leave her for someone else. I've always been faithful to her, but she's suspicious no matter what I do. How do I handle this?—

According to a recent poll by *Cosmopolitan* magazine, 59 percent of women cheat on men. Whereas 55 percent of men cheat on women.

Do you realize the implications of these statistics (assuming they're not bullshit, of course)? That's right, 114 percent of people are cheating on each other. People are whores!

A solid relationship can't be built on a foundation of lies. It's a given that if you cheat, then you probably lie too. And since you cheated on your last girl, you'll likely lie to this one. So she will continue to give you grief— especially every time you leave the area code ("Are you secretly visiting my stepsister?") or your phone goes straight to voicemail ("Are you doing your ex-girlfriend?"). And though you may not know it yet, Your current woman's incessant harassment will drive you right back to Infidelityville. Next time you pull the bastard move and sleep with someone else, have the decency to break up with your girlfriend first. You're giving scoundrels a bad name.*-*





A compendium of carnal knowledge

PRIMITIVE LOVE

PRIMAL URGES

Don't think for a minute that you're the first freak on your family tree. Turns out our ancestors were getting down and dirty in the back of the cave in more ways than we'd like to think about. One of the leading experts and cultural theorists on the history of sexuality, Timothy F. Taylor, Ph.D., discovered that cavemen didn't just get it on to

procreate. The results of his study can be found in Michael R. Kauth's *Handbook of the Evolution of Human Sexuality*.

1. GROUP SEX

In Taylor's earlier work, *The Prehistory of Sex: Four Million Years of Human Sexual Culture*, he reveals that archeologists uncovered an Ice Age threesome involving two men sandwiching a woman. One man's hands were placed over the woman's pelvic region and for unknown reasons, a spear was piercing his genitals.

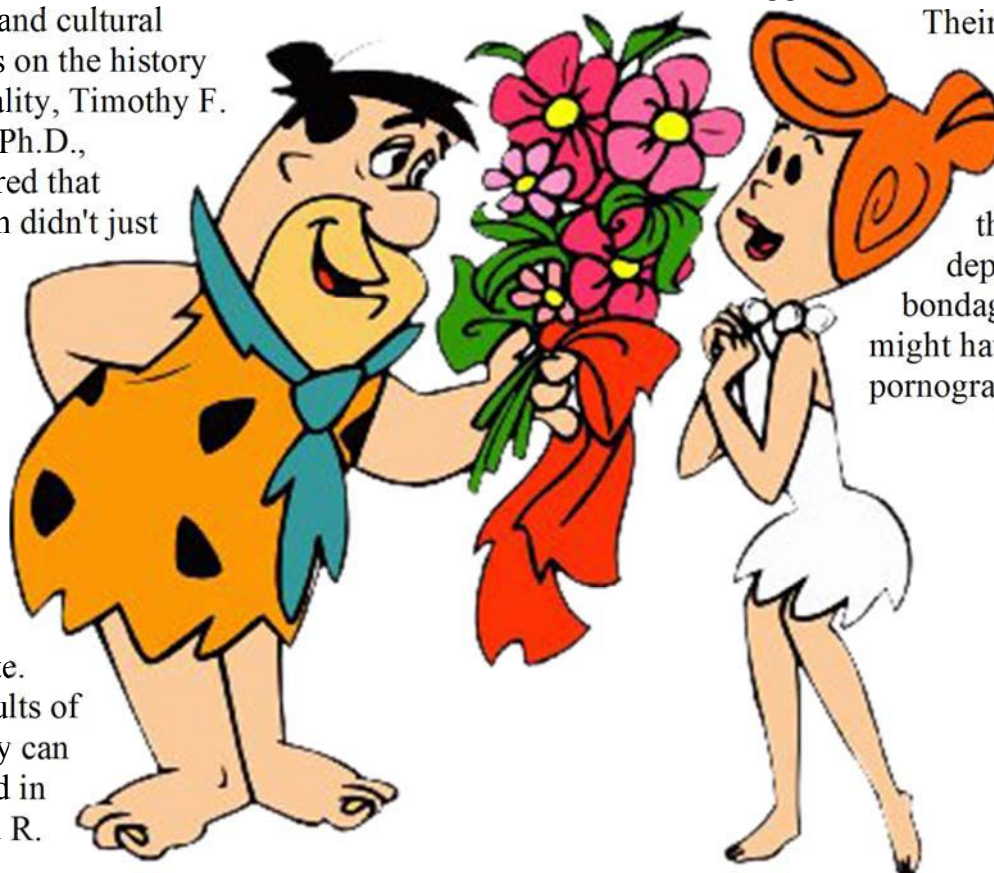
2. SEX TOYS

Scientists have unearthed clay figurines of naked women with clearly defined vaginas and clitorises, and woolly mammoth-inspired ivory phalluses (read: dildos) that date back 30.000 years.

3. BONDAGE

In Russia, archaeologists unearthed Ice Age-era carvings of naked women with exaggerated breasts and buttocks,

Their wrists bound in front of their bellies. According to Taylor, these could depict sexual-bondage acts and might have been pornography.



4. TRANSVESTISM

Some of the adolescents living around the Black Sea suffered from crushed testicles due to constant horseback riding. There is an upside, however: People believed their tiny balls gave the young men special powers. Some of them be-came cross-dressing magicians known as Enarees.

5. BESTIALITY

Rock engravings from the Bronze Age found in the Italian Alps and in Siberia depict men getting it on with donkeys and elk.

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THE FAKE BOOK

SIX FIRST-TIME DO'S AND DON'TS

Intercourse causes one to feel an odd mix of triumph, self-loathing. And lubricant-greased fingers. At this point, whether you're a guy or a girl, the last thing you want is having the of her person spend the night. Then you've got to find them a toothbrush, see if they want to borrow something to sleep in, worry about breakfast, and make a concerted effort not to wet the bed. Sex is supposed to be fun, and that sounds like work.

That said, you can't just throw your partner out on the street—you need to at least give off the impression that you're a considerate human being.

Some tips:

- Don't say, "thanks for the fuck, now get dressed." while throwing their clothes at them like you're playing some sort of demented game of dodgeball.
- Do think ahead. Earlier in the evening, mention some vague reason you'll be getting up early in the morning. Usually saying you "have a thing ... Real early" is good enough. Nobody wants to wake up at the crack of dawn.
- Don't buy a twin bed. While this dorm classic would keep overnight guests away, it's also an effective deterrent to real-world sex. On the plus side, you can get Smurf sheets on eBay.
- Do offer to walk or drive the person home, or at least to their subway/bus stop. This way, You look considerate but you still get rid of them. "seriously,

put your coat on, We're leaving. I am not letting you walk home alone. Right now."

- Don't talk in your sleep. Sleep-talking is incredibly creepy and can scare a woman from ever speaking to you again.
- Do snore. Serious girlfriends have to deal with snoring boyfriends all night long. In casual relationships, though, the girl will almost always opt to sleep in peace at home.

How to seem like
a better person
without actually I
doing anything.
This month: all
about
relationships.

SECRET CRUSHES AND WHEN TO END THEM

You meet somebody new. There is an attraction there. A spark. A hint of chemistry. For some reason or another you can't do anything about it. She's unavailable. You're too young. You're not drunk. She's your cousin. She's fictional. The reasons are infinite, but the results are always the same. You are falling secretly in love with this person and she has no idea.

- You need to imagine your crush as a fruit fly: give it a life expectancy of two weeks before crushing it with a swatter and flushing it down the toilet of repression. Crushes that last longer than two weeks begin to linger in loser territory and eventually fully set up shop in Patheticville. While it may seem romantic that you have been crushing on the same girl for five years, it's actually the thing about you that your friends hate the most.

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ON THE SAME GIRL FOR FIVE
YEARS, IT'S ACTUALLY THE THING
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HATE THE MOST

"What can I do?" you say. "I can't pretend I don't like her anymore." Actually, that's exactly what you should do. First, you need to convince your friends that you are over her. Then eventually you will have to convince yourself. If you lie to yourself long enough, it becomes truth. If that doesn't work, get a new crush. Most people are capable of having only one. So once you get a new crush, the old one will be mathematically eliminated. How about that girl from the supermarket cash register? You think she asks everybody if they have a club card? Doubtful, stud.

MEETING A GIRL'S PARENTS

Meeting your young lady's parents is possibly the most nerve-racking part of dating. It doesn't really have to be, though, since most reasonable parents will yield to their daughter's judgment as long as you don't behave like a complete sociopath. Parents are basically looking for three things:

- (a) That you're polite:
- (b) That you're not potentially violent; and

(c) That you have some sort of decent career prospects. If you can string this stuff together, they'll probably consent to tolerating you at every other family holiday until they die and leave a disappointingly small inheritance. Why did they put so much money in pork bellies?

No matter what, you can fool them into accepting you. Just follow these steps:

- Be respectful. Give each of them a firm handshake and look them in the eye. Don't call them by their first names until they ask you to.
- Remember to say "please." "thank you." and, if you want huge points. "Yes, ma'am." Also, if you're going to their home, don't forget to bring a small gift like a bottle of wine. (A box of wine may be a little more expensive, but it doesn't work as a gesture of appreciation.)
- Don't voice any opinions. These people realize you're banging their daughter, so don't give them any reason to dislike you by voicing any potentially controversial, political, religious, or cultural opinions. If the parents try to directly engage you, chuckle and say, "That's a pretty complex issue. Now, who wants a brownie?"

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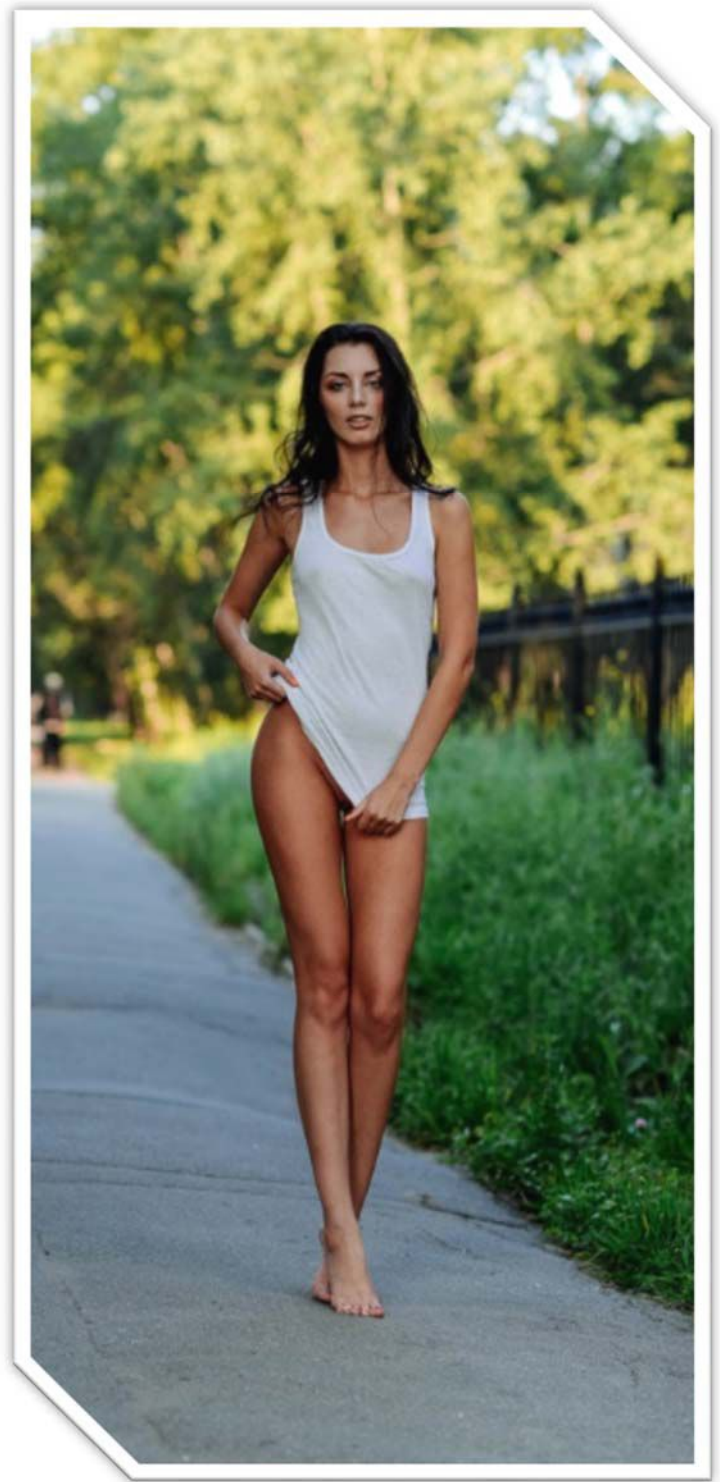
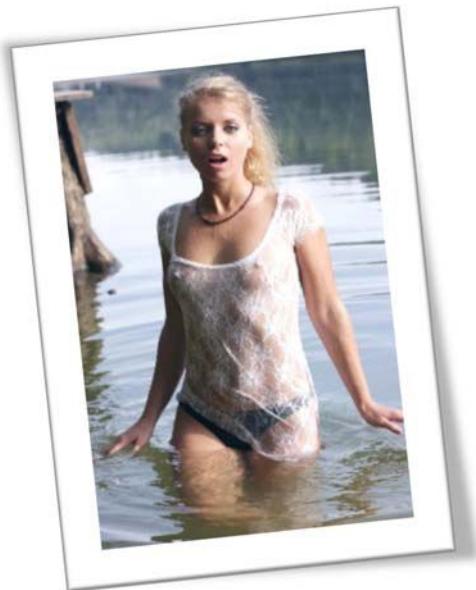
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New Videos Uploaded Every Week

Cheapest Membership Offered

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- Treat this like a date, only with two people. Remember how you got this girl into you in the first place, then extrapolate to her parents. They're normal people, so they'll like talking about themselves. Ask lots of questions, nod in interest, and interject any appropriate wisdom you may have. Otherwise, just keep them talking about themselves. This serves the dual purpose of keeping them from asking prying questions about you while also giving you great personal fodder for...
- Your thank-you note. If you go to dinner at her parent's home, you absolutely must write a thank-you note to show your appreciation. Pepper it with personal references like. "I hope your palsy isn't acting up as much today, but I didn't mind when your disobedient limbs flung that bowl of green beans at me!" This shows that you were paying attention and want to establish a deeper connection. Keep it polite, but not overly dramatic. Which means no signing it. "Love. Your Future Son-in-Law." Follow these steps and there isn't a sex tape on earth that could surface that would make her parents love you any less. "Oh. you two love bugs are so cute. -----"



WATER BABY

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STORY

HARD TIMES

I work at a local courthouse in a small town where nothing much happens. One day an officer brought in a tall guy with dark shoulder-length hair and blue eyes. He had on a pair of faded Levis, a black muscle-hugging T-shirt, and a pair of handcuffs—not that there's anything wrong with that. In the right setting, cuffs can be sexy.

He looked a little angry, but when he saw me, he smiled. At five foot eight and 130 pounds with lots of cleavage, I tend to get a lot of smiles from men. I grinned back and hoped he hadn't done something serious. The day was coming to an end, and it would be a crime if this guy had to spend the night in jail. He looked so good, the only place he needed to be locked up was in my bedroom.

While the officer led him to a desk, I took some folders I'd been meaning to file for the past week and walked over to the cabinets near them so I wouldn't miss any details.

From what I could make out, the guy's name was Ron. He was new in town and had left his car double-parked while he stopped into a real-estate office. When he came out and saw his car hooked up to a tow truck, he got into an argument with the towing agent—and

the next thing he knew, he was being arrested.

Since he wasn't a regular, the officer offered to cut him some slack. Ron just had to promise to pay better attention to the town's parking regulations and apologize to the towing agent for losing his temper. I think I was more relieved than Ron that things worked out. The officer told him he could ask me for directions to the impound lot. It's a small town, and I'm sure Ron would have found the place on his own. But it was also the end of the day, so I offered him a lift. From the way he'd smiled at me when he first came in, I sensed that he was as interested in me as I was in him. Why not volunteer to show him around?





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Ron was grateful for the lift and my generous offer to play tour guide, so he treated me to a delicious dinner and drinks. We talked about the town, his new job, and where he used to live. I found out that he was single.

We talked until the restaurant was ready to close, and I invited him to my apartment for a nightcap.

Ron followed me home in his car. We were in the living room watching an old movie when I got up to refresh our drinks. Ron followed me into the kitchen and asked if I had anything to snack on. I was about to tell him he could nibble on me when I felt the full length of him press up against my back. I leaned back into his hard body and let him support my weight. His hands found their way

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with flicks of my tongue, taking pleasure in making him squirm. I didn't let up until he begged me to suck his cock. Only then did I deep-throat him, and only long enough to temporarily appease

him.

I wanted him to be deep inside my pussy when he came.

I backed off to give him time to calm down. When I didn't think I could tease him anymore, I straddled his hips and let him kiss me. Still tongue-tied, I gently raised my hips and reached down to hold his thick cock. He moaned into my mouth and pushed hard against my hand. I pointed his cock at my entrance and slowly lowered myself, letting him fill me up. It felt great to grasp his shoulders and ride him at my own speed for as long as I could.

under my blouse and came up to feel my breasts. As soon as he touched them, a tingle ran through my body. I turned in his arms and we kissed.

We made out as I backed him into my bedroom. If he thought he was in control, he was mistaken. I pushed him back onto the bed and proceeded to strip off his clothes. I'd been dying to see what Ron looked like naked from the minute he

But Ron wanted to take control, and truthfully, I was happy to cede it. I wanted him to fuck me hard, and I told him so when he grabbed my waist and flipped me on to my back. After letting me have the upper hand, Ron gave me exactly what I'd wanted all along—a good, hard fuck. He drilled his cock in and out of me at a steady pace and

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I matched his rhythm with my own thrusts, until we both experienced system overload and pushed each other into orgasmic oblivion.

We had an even better time in the shower the next morning. Over breakfast. I told him where he might find some nice affordable apartments. It was Saturday, so he asked me if I could take him to see a few places and more of the town. Of course, I agreed. One place I definitely planned on taking him was to our local sex shop— to pick up a pair of handcuffs!—

PORN STARS

My girlfriend Brittany and I love to watch porn. We've amassed quite a collection over the years, and have often discussed making our own film to add to our library. One day we finally decided to go for it. Brittany put on a miniskirt and a low-cut halter top that showed off her all-natural 42DDs. while I pulled on a pair of loose cotton shorts and a T-shirt. The less clothes the better, so we both went commando. We were so excited about our adventure that we grabbed the camcorder, got into the car, and were already two blocks away when we realized we'd forgotten the tripod and had to go back!

Once we were sure we had everything, we drove to a wild life park near a lake. We hiked up to an observation area and set up the camera and tripod on the platform. I told Brittany where to stand, focused the camera on her, and adjusted the viewer so I could see it from the front of the camera. To get things started. Brittany pulled down the front of her halter and flashed her breasts for the camera. Then she turned

her back to me and flipped up her skirt, offering a sneak peek of her round ass. Smiling, she looked at me and winked. There's no doubt that Brittany looked just as good —if not hotter—than any of the women we'd seen in our DVDs, and she knew it!

My cock had already pitched a tent in my shorts when I pulled off my shirt and made my way over to her. Brittany pulled down my shorts and licked the head of my cock before taking the full length into her mouth. My girlfriend loves to deep-throat and she's really good at it, but she'd never let me come in her mouth. She sucked my full length in to her throat again and again, making me moan every time. Then she started stroking me with her hand while she continued to suck and swirl her tongue around the head. When I looked down, I saw that she had flipped up her skirt again and was playing with her bare pussy. Her stroking fingers were in sync with her sucking. I pulled the ties on her halter top, freeing her huge breasts. She looked up at me and I remember thinking that she'd never looked so hot. Then she pulled back and said, "I want to taste your come."

Those six words were enough to drive me over the edge. Brittany deep-throated me one last time before I exploded in her mouth. She kept sucking, milking my cock to make sure she captured every last drop. She finally released my dick and opened her mouth to show me—and the camera—then swallowed the entire load. That day we both did a lot of things we'd never done before, and ended up creating our favorite DVD of all.—

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ANNIVERSARY TAILS

For our fifth wedding anniversary, my wife Jamie and I did something we'd both wanted to do for some time: We went out for an extravagant dinner and then topped off the evening by going to a new strip club in town.

The place was upscale and expensive, but Jamie and I had already agreed that we wanted to do something special. Tonight, we weren't on a budget. We ordered drinks and had a great time checking out all the dancers, but there was one beauty in particular who really commanded our attention. With her mocha-colored skin and Asian features, she was the most exotic looking woman we'd ever seen, and Jamie was mesmerized by her smooth moves. One of the things I love about my wife is that she's always willing to try new things. So when Jamie asked me if I wanted a lap dance. I countered with. "Do you?" Her slow, sexy smile was the only answer I needed.

We made arrangements with Crystal to have our lap dances in the champagne room. I told her we were celebrating our anniversary and that we really wanted this to be a night we'd remember. She told me not to worry, and after giving me an exciting lap dance, Crystal really came through

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and gave Jamie the show of a lifetime. She started off by rubbing her ass and tits all over Jamie, which got my wife all worked up. She was actually doing a pretty good

number on me, too, and I was only watching. Then she leaned down, kissed Jamie, and caressed her breasts. Jamie was loving every minute of the attention. We were all getting along really well and Crystal still wanted to hang out with us, so at closing time we agreed to meet at a nearby hotel. We booked a suite and waited for Crystal in the lobby. She arrived 20 minutes later with a bottle of champagne and some glasses from the club. We drank most of the champagne in the suite while we talked, and then Crystal took the lead. Knowing that Jamie had never kissed another woman before, she took her time—first moving over to sit beside Jamie, then moving in closer for a soft kiss. Jamie returned the kiss and reached out to fondle Crystal's breasts. Just watching them press their lips together and touch each other got my dick rock-hard again.

Feeling more confident and aroused, Jamie unbuttoned Crystal's blouse and opened her bra. Crystal pulled Jamie's camisole over her head. Then she took off Jamie's skirt and thong and gently pushed her back on the couch. My wife moaned as Crystal kissed and licked her way down and flicked her tongue over Jamie's pierced clit. Jamie's head fell back and her body shook as she held Crystal's head and cried out with pure pleasure.

I could hardly believe I was watching these gorgeous babes together, yet here I was—with the hard-on to prove it. I couldn't help but stroke myself. I just loved the idea that Jamie and Crystal were so into each other. Jamie finished undressing Crystal and began planting wet kisses all over her lush body.



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When Jamie's hot kisses finally led her to Crystal's pussy, she went down on her as if she'd done it a hundred times before. I couldn't help wondering if she was using some of my moves, because she had Crystal coming in a matter of minutes.

After taking a breather, Jamie gave me a sly grin and moved toward me. While my wife started licking my cock, Crystal dove into Jamie's pussy again. Whatever Crystal was doing to Jamie had a direct effect on the blowjob Jamie was giving me. She took me in until she had every inch of me down her throat. She was doing incredible things to my cock, and I was on the verge of coming when she backed away and asked if I wanted to fuck Crystal. I hesitated briefly, wondering if this was a trick question that I would have to answer correctly or suffer the consequences. The whole idea of this night was for Jamie and me to do something special for our anniversary. But when Jamie kissed me and said, "Happy anniversary, Gil! Go for it." I quickly decided that things couldn't get any more special than this.

Crystal turned around so I could do her doggie-style. Ready to conquer new territory, I slid into Crystal's juicy snatch and started pumping away. Fucking her felt so good, I didn't even think about Jamie until she reached over and started stroking Crystal's clit. I felt Crystal's hot wet pussy tighten around my cock right before she cried out that she was coming. I was just about to lose it when Jamie pulled me toward her and said. "My turn."

Jamie was so turned on that my cock slid right in. It didn't take long.

I was so aroused that after what seemed like only a few thrusts. I was gripping her

waist and blasting into her like never before.

We were having such a wild time that we had some food and another bottle of champagne sent up to our suite. The rest of the night and the next day were spent trying out different positions, until Crystal had to leave.

Jamie and Crystal have kept in touch since that incredible night, and have a hunch they may be planning a similar night to celebrate my upcoming birthday.—



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STAY IN TOUCH

I met James at a convention in Chicago. I first noticed him at one of the seminars. We were sitting across from each other and every time I looked up. I'd catch him staring at me. We'd exchange a smile and then pretend to focus on the presentation, but the only thing on my mind was how it would feel to be alone with him.

Unfortunately, we never had more than five minutes of privacy. And these days, keeping down company expenses means sharing a room with a coworker. James worked in Washington and I worked in New York, so the best we could do was exchange business cards and say. "Nice meeting you—keep in touch."

But two weeks after the seminar, James actually called me. He said he'd been thinking about me and wanted to see me. He wondered if I could take some time off because he could get a great deal on a mini cruise out of New York, but we would have to leave that weekend. It was Friday, the ship sailed the next day. And I'd never done anything remotely like this, but I really wanted to hook up with him. Just hearing his voice again made me wet.

I told James to e-mail me the details and I'd meet him at the pier the next day. With visions of rampant sex on the high seas, I arranged to take time off and hightailed it to the nearest full-service salon.

On Saturday, I met James at the pier. As soon as we laid eyes on each other, the sparks flew. He looked even better than I remembered, or maybe I was just in lust. It didn't matter—the heat was there and it wasn't one sided. We embraced at the entrance

I moaned when he broke contact and turned me to face the dresser.

He knelt behind me and finally placed his lips where I needed them most.

and locked lips shamelessly until I had to come up for air.

"James. I'm happy to see you too, but we'd better find our cabin." I said. We checked in and raced to our suite. Once inside, we hung the do not disturb sign on the door and tore off each other's clothes.

"What about the luggage?" I asked as his hands roamed over my body and he kissed my taut nipples.

"They'll leave it outside the door," he said, still sucking and nipping at my breasts. I moaned when he broke contact and turned me to face the dresser. He knelt behind me and finally placed his lips where I needed them most. He was all tongue and fingers, coaxing moans and cries from me as I surrendered to the pleasure. If it hadn't been for the dresser. I would have fallen flat on my face.



Kama Sensations



"James. I need you now!" I said as I gripped the dresser, eagerly awaiting the relief that only a good hard cock could provide.

Right on cue, James stood up, cupped my breasts with his hands, and drove into me from behind.

The initial thrust sent a shock wave through me and I came immediately, panting and crying out for him to keep going. And he did. James kept fucking me with a steady rhythm that drove me to the brink of yet another orgasm. When I caught my reflection in the mirror above the dresser. I saw the face of a woman on the edge of a massive climax. "Kim" James said. "I can't hold out any longer." "You don't have to," I said as he tightened his embrace and erupted inside me. What an absolute rush!

My heart was still racing, but I could barely stand. James was breathing as hard as I was, but he picked me up and carried me to the bed.

I don't know how long we stayed in the cabin before checking out the rest of the ship, but when we did, we got knowing smiles from the other passengers. I couldn't care less—it was all worth it! We did



manage to leave the ship when it docked for a day, but most of our time was spent in our cabin or in some secluded corner.—

Kama Sensations



KISS OF DEATH

"You do not have to make out with a girl before you go home with her. That's so cliché. I don't want to play tonsil hockey with you in front of all of these people. I'm not a bimbo. Just talk to me. I'm not going to bite you... well, not in the bad way."

LAST CALL

"I think the most appropriate time to invite the girl heck to your place is when the music dies down at the club and you see everyone scattering. It's when there's no more dancing or chitchatting to do and you see *the glance*—like, it's you and me. buddy. When she's staring into your eyes, you know you're gonna get some."

PLAY GIRL

"When she invites her whole crew of girls to your place, that's the hint: 'We're not going to fuck tonight.'

This girl is going to need a few more shots or a few more dates before you can get in her pants. I'll give you all the damn signs and make you drool all over me, but I'll be like. 'Peace, motherfucker! I'm going home.' *

MOB RULE

"A girl will always glance back at her friends and say. 'Do you approve?'"

So become friends with her friends.

Introduce yourself. You always want to be known as the guy who she called her friends about the next day to talk about how amazing the night was. not as the guy who 'tried to get in my bum hole.'"

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

"There's no fail-safe line. Don't bullshit it. But it will make her comfortable if you ask for her number first. It's a sign that you're not just going to sleep with

"FOR THE GUY WHO SAYS, I'LL MAKE YOU FEEL STUFF YOU NEVER FELT BEFORE... FUCK THAT! BUDDY, I'VE FELT ALL THE THINGS I NEED."

Her and ditch her. Who cares if you're actually going to call her the next day? Then say. 'Hey, do you want to get out of here?' And for the guy who says 'I'll make you feel stuff you never felt before'... fuck that! Buddy. I've been around the block. I've felt all the things I need to feel."

HOMEFREE

"Instead of saying, 'Let's get in the cab. go to my house, and hang.' ask her something like. 'My house is a few blocks from here. Do you wanna just walk?' It's so sweet if a guy just asks. And if she starts having second thoughts on the way back to your place, say. That's okay. I just really thought we had a connection. I think you are an amazing person.' Even if it's bullshit, who the fuck cares? You're just trying to get in her pants!"

GIRL POWER

"It's always about what the girl wants. We let you think you're in control, but you're really not. You're a guy. You want pussy. She *has* the pussy. So you have to make the pussy feel comfortable. That's just how it is.–

